

Who'll buy the WEATHER-COCK?

An O R A T I O N, delivered in the Office-house.

By his Honour's Chaplain.

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me to address you, though it is a place improper for one of my character to speak in, having never a rostrum to mount. As it would be improper to begin this service with the Psalms of David, let us sing a few lines more suitable---

THIS house, like the grave, brings all to a level;
For here, in one humble condition,
Sit the dunces, the wits, the good, and the evil,
The lawyer, divine, and physician.

In this Temple is no hypocritical groan,
No trick, human frailties to hide;
Here the pertest young puppy, and gravest old don,
Exposes alike his BLIND SIDE.

BRETHREN, that every man has a blind side, is so universally allowed that it needs no proof. Whether his worthy Honour, in courtship to his present Lady, saw by the dark side I shall not determine; it is pretty plain his assistants view'd objects in a different light. Suppers, dinners, the most excellent deserts, and the enlivening juice of the generous grape, procured him friendship; and success crown'd his wishes.

By the gayly circling bowl,
He gain'd his point, without controul:
By the yellow sparkling gold,
He determines still to hold.

The following lines deserve particular attention:

Now Patriot and Pick-purse, for what they can get,
Blow up the wild seeds of Dissension:
By bauling out LIBERTY one pays a debt,
And another retires with a pension.

How far this is truth, let Experience teach.

Unless corruption first deject the pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All rude attempts of violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.

But as my audience begin to draw up their breeches, and retire, I must stop my discourse, and conclude for the present:

For mankind by nature are so prone to evil,
To fly from advice they would run to the devil.